

Red for Redemption

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Summary: What was Mulder thinking during the batting scene at the end of 'The Unnatural'?

Red for Redemption

TITLE: Red for Redemption AUTHOR: Denise Morgen EMAIL: meadora@hotmail.com FEEDBACK: The quick and easy way to have a shrine erected in your honor! SPOILERS: Wetwire, I think. Isn't that the one we learn Mulder's color blind? The Unnatural RATING: PG-13 CATEGORY: MSR? Indirectly. UST, Mulder POV SUMMARY: What was Mulder thinking during the final scene of the Unnatural? A companion piece to "Interrupting My Focus" which can be found on the My Fanfiction Page of my website at <http://dennysx.cjb.net> DISCLAIMER: These characters are owned by the Great Surfer himself, Fox and 1013 Productions. I don't have permission to use them and I'm not making any money from their use. Please don't sue me.

Red for Redemption by Denise Morgen

I never wanted red before. My world was filled with blues and yellows and browns, silvers and blacks; there was never any need for red. I never longed to see the crimson in the sunrise or the flickering vermilion of an open flame. If anything I was happy, pleased that the trademark luminescence of fire was denied me. But then she came to me, with hair that same shade of muted gray to my eyes as the candle's light, and suddenly I hardly ever wanted anything more. Red. Crimson. Vermilion. Hot and spicy as cayenne. Heat and warmth dancing in the wind and curling itself in little tendrils around my face. This is red to me, like the heady scent of baking cinnamon or the broiling heat of the sun on a summer's day. Having been denied its sight by necessity I seek its feel in the silky strands of her hair, content to revel in it's shade by association. But there are times when even that is not enough. And may her god forgive me, but sometimes I think I would kill for a single glimpse of the true burning scarlet that comprises its silken sheen. Would that be a justifiable homicide, do you think? For I'm certain that I would find in those flames not only redemption but my own personal salvation...

My body shudders unconsciously as she sways against me. These are not the kind of thoughts I should be thinking while I have my nose buried in that glorious hair and her body pulled flush against mine in the circle of my arms. Her proximity alone is enough to provoke a response, and despite all my teasing I don't want her to think that was my reason for bringing her out here. Mmm...if only she didn't smell so good - Hey, stop laughing. I'm a guy; you can't blame me if pure unadulterated Scullyscent sends my hormones into overdrive. I should be a candidate for sainthood for keeping my hands to myself all these years. But then, I'm not keeping my hands to myself now, am I? Aagh, Scully, stop moving! She keeps shifting like that and she's gonna know I wasn't talking about the bat. Hips before hands. That's right, G-woman, smooth steady movement with NO wriggling. Here let me show you; hips before hands...

Ahh...I'm right, you know. Everything else just fades into the background. I don't know if I owe it to the baseball as much as the company. Was I babbling, Scully? She was right to tell me to shut up. I know I wasn't paying anymore attention to what I was saying than she was. Silence is so much better. Now I can hear the rasp of her breath and the sharp crack of aged wood meeting horsehide as we hit another one impossibly out of the park. We're actually good at this, I don't think we've missed one yet. Why am I surprised? We're good at everything we do when we work together...

Crack! Another ball goes rocketing away from us and joins the stars in the heavens. My eyes track it's course as it is swallowed by the dark night sky. Shifting my focus back to the smiling woman in my arms, I decide maybe I don't need red to find redemption after all...

End
file.